

THE

QUILL

A MAGAZINE FOR WRITERS, EDITORS, AND PUBLISHERS



American newspapermen quiz Jap prisoners interned near Chungking, China. In foreground, with bag, James L. Stewart, of the AP. At table in rear, James R. Young, of INS. No interpreters were needed, as both speak Japanese.

—Wide World

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THE QUILL

A MAGAZINE FOR WRITERS, EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS

Founded 1912



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AT DEADLINE

By R. L. P.

WELL, here we are off on the 1940 trail with an issue covering quite a few views of journalism. We had hoped to start the New Year with an increase in the number of pages per issue—but that was not to be.

All we can say is that the magazine will be increased in size as soon as possible. Meanwhile, we'll hope that nothing happens to cause a reduction of space, already at a premium.

We might call this the Young issue, we reckon, since Jimmy Young, ace Far Eastern correspondent for *International News Service*, gets on the cover while his comely wife, Marjorie, gets the center spread of the issue with her candid chronicle of the life a correspondent's wife leads in Japan.

And, moreover, after trailing Jimmy by letter and in person these many years, ably assisted by Burl Ely, we report that Jimmy has completed an article for THE QUILL which we hope to be able to present soon. It isn't in hand at this writing, but we hope it will be by the time this issue reaches you.

Now, for one of those yarns that can spring only from newspaper work.

THIS story, having to do with Phil Adler, world observer, of the *Detroit News*' staff and chronicled by our favorite columnist, H. C. L. Jackson, in his "Listening In on Detroit" column in the *News*, ought to interest any scribe. Here it goes:

"Sunday noon, knowing he was due for dinner that evening with the Graydon Booths, Phil came down to this office and began battering his typewriter. Object—to write a piece for Tuesday's paper, and to jot down some notes on forthcoming stories. Mrs. Adler was to pick him up at 4:00 p. m. to drive to the Booth home, which is well out. Well—

"Phil wrote and wrote and time did on worker's wing waft itself away. When Mrs. Adler arrived, Phil had his Tuesday's piece completed—six pages of triple-spaced typing, with the customary number of xxxxs and interlinings so often necessary when a man really works at his writing. He also had seven or eight pages of notes which didn't please him at all.

"Mrs. Adler suggested it was time to call a halt. So Phil grabbed up what he thought were the notes, ripped 'em to shreds and tossed 'em in the wastebasket. Then he tenderly put what he thought was Tuesday's piece in his desk. He gave it one last loving glance and then, of course, he saw he'd saved the useless notes and shredded his piece for Tuesday.

"Emitting words overly strong for Mrs. Adler's presence, Phil dived in the wastebasket and came up with exactly—they were counted later—exactly 1,200 pieces of paper—Adler's Tuesday story.

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It's Time to Take Inventory—

Critical Taking of Stock by Press Vital in Making Plans for Future

By **RAYMOND B. BOTTOM**

Publisher, Newport News (Va.) Daily Press and Times-Herald

I SEE very little sense in the attitude that controls the actions of that large inclusive group known as the newspaper business.

I see less sense in not rooting out the knobs and barnacles and having an appraising, analytical look at them. They are the source of lost revenues and lost prestige.

They are the causes that give reason and opportunity for the sharp attacks that are leveled at our very self-satisfied, complaisant and selfish institution.

THERE is much about our business that is not satisfying. The things that need attention are the larger things, the broader things, the principles, the very rocks upon which the press has rested secure over the years. The waves of change have beat against these rocks and some of them are falling away.

Some of the supports are collapsing from carrying an overload of old ideas resisting modernization. Some of them are being shaken by attacks from without, attacks that proceed from invitation extended from within. Some of the foundations are tilted askew from loss of basic support and they look pitiful indeed as they lean, alarming in the weakness that bears such strong contrast to the strength with which they once stood.

The principles underlying press freedom and integrity are still sound in our country, some of our calamity-howling brethren to the contrary notwithstanding.

I do not think freedom of the press is in any danger in our country. I think that those of our calling who are continually shouting "wolf" from public platforms are making people sick with having to listen. I think that too many of these self-righteous and self-appointed defenders confuse freedom of the press with liberty and license.

I think that they do harm to the very thing they presume to defend in raising the cry at every step to insulate themselves and us against laws and practices that are made to regulate the activities of all other people.

WE have no right to special privileges, yet these lathered defenders of the first amendment see behind every enactment a threat, in every change a new reason for setting the press apart to live in a world of its own, free from any obligations to be regulated by the same laws that regulate their brethren.

The regrettable and alarming fact is that we are being isolated and unless the retrograde movement is checked by a policing and an awakening from within, the years ahead hold for us little of promise. We



Raymond B. Bottom

shall shrivel not from heat from without, but from a drying up of the substance from within.

We shall diminish in stature not from pressures exerted upon us and upon the mandate upon which our trade—and democracy—is founded, but because of a shrinking of the substance that sustains the whole, because of resistance to change, self-satisfaction, loss of integrity, disregard for the obligations that go hand-in-hand with the principle that surrounds us, unbridled competition, lack of ethical dealings amongst ourselves.

Freedom of speech and of the press may still remain, but some other medium will carry the banner, some other agency of communication will take over the trust that has reposed in us.

CHANGE has fallen about our ears in repetitious torrents for more than ten years. The period since 1929 has brought something more than an increased perplexity at the fickleness of the apparently simple proposition of supply and demand.

The voice has been enabled to travel efficiently and dependably with the speed of light, stealing away our substance, while bringing all peoples of the world within speaking distance of each other. Man has been enabled to travel dependably and reliably at a speed better than one-third the speed of sound, spanning oceans and continents in as many hours as it once took days.

Obligations of society to its members, concepts of government, government itself, have reordered themselves in such a way that they bear no resemblance to old principles. New things, new ideas, new viewpoints. Over all, resistance to these changes giving away stubbornly, but giving away, inch by inch, surrendering ungraciously to the inevitable, losing through its uncompromising attitude the

JANUARY usually is inventory-taking time for most businesses—and perhaps it wouldn't be a bad idea for the newspapers of the country to follow. At least that's the thought after reading this jolting survey of journalism by Maj. Raymond B. Bottom, publisher of the Newport News (Va.) Daily Press and Times-Herald.

Maj. Bottom entered journalism in 1931 after a career that had included surveying and engineering work with the Chesapeake & Ohio railway, and extensive military service. He served with the Richmond Blues from 1911 to 1916 and in 1917 was commissioned a second lieutenant and assigned to the 82nd Division. Subsequently transferred to the air service, he saw duty at Langley and Selfridge Fields before being sent to France. He remained in the service after the war, serving at various posts in the United States and the Philippines until he entered journalism.

In July, 1939, he completed his fourth term as president of the Virginia Press Association. He is serving his second year as president of the Virginia State Chamber of Commerce; is a director of the Southern Newspaper Publishers' Association, and a member of the American Society of Newspaper Editors and of Sigma Delta Chi.

value of its influence and strength that were better invested in helping shape, temper, and direct the recordings of society in step with time.

In this picture of life moving along the newspaper stands today fewer in number, greater in circulation, lower in integrity, poorer in substance. It is being fired at from many directions, and not all of the shots are duds, however much we might like them to be. From high government place blasts of accusation rend the firmament and glare at us from our own columns. Our stalwart defenders bring out the constitution, unfurl the flag, cry out for all to rally to resist the craven attack on the freedom of the press, and go on doing business at the same old stand and the same old way, oblivious of the modicum of truth that might exist in the plethora of accusation.

LET'S look at the record that measures the relative substance that lets us live. There were about 400 more daily newspapers being published in the United States in 1929 than now. Some acute disarrangement of the old order has turned the lights out on 400 daily newspapers in 10 years.

Newspapers in 1929 carried more than 133 per cent as much advertising lineage as they carried last year. Some acute disarrangement of the old order has transferred that substantial revenue somewhere else. A recent survey evaluated the loss at \$87,000,000 in the 10 years, had newspapers received in 1938 the same proportion of the advertising dollar it received in 1929.

But that isn't too spectacular when we remember that in 1929 radio received only 3 per cent of the advertising outlay. By 1938 it had multiplied this take more than 40 per cent. Some acute reorderings of the old scheme have effected these important transfers.

It isn't necessary to look into the welfare of some of our competing media during these ten years. None are so poorly off as we. We can't make any headway dwelling upon how good our competition is doing. We should be giving our attention to finding out what's wrong with us, why we're going backward instead of forward. The simple truth is we don't know.

We have been giving too little attention to what has been happening, to the reasons why we are losing ground. We have been possessed by what Mark Ethridge referred to recently as "rigidity of mind." "And," said Mark truthfully, "it is that rigidity which endangers us far beyond the ambitions of any politicians."

WE know we haven't fared so well financially in the last 10 years of stormy weather bringing change on its wings. Let's see how we've fared in some other directions. We can thank *Fortune*, that splendid monthly publication that does such a good job in getting at the root of things, for the figures that I use here.

Its August issue contained a report of a survey which lets us see ourselves as others see us. We do not have, regretfully, any similar survey of 1929 by which to measure our retrogression. For myself,

I would not like to think that we were worse off then in some of these estimates than we are now.

The survey shows that 63.8 per cent of all the people still get most of their news of what's going on from newspapers. Twenty-five and four-tenths of all of the people have their principal source in radio. But in answer to the question, "Which gets news to you more accurately?" only 38.3 per cent favored newspapers while 38 per cent put greater dependence upon radio. The question, "Which gets news to you freer from prejudice?" brought out a standing that is likely to make us shiver: only 17.1 per cent of the people thought newspapers freer from prejudice while 49.7 per cent had the higher regard for radio. Put another way, radio is three times as free of prejudice as the newspaper.

Getting in to the interpreters the question, "Which do you like best?" found 39.3 per cent preferring the radio commentator, 25.9 per cent preferring the newspaper editorial and 10.7 per cent preferring the newspaper columnist.

AS we get along we see our stature shrinking.

In response to the question, "If you heard conflicting versions of the same story which would you be most likely to believe?" 40.3 per cent of the people said they would believe the radio report, and only 26.9 per cent said they would believe a newspaper report. Of the newspaper source only 12.4 per cent said they would believe above all others an editorial in a newspaper and a bare 3.4 per cent said they'd believe first a columnist in a newspaper.

We can assume that some acute reorderings of the old order have been operating here. There is nothing for us to be proud of in these answers. Is it possible that in them we can find something of value to us? Have we the courage and sense to face the issue? Have we the ability to put into effect the corrections that are indicated?

It would seem that herein lies sufficient cause for searching self-analysis, the most exhaustive diagnosis of the ills that are afflicting us.

It can't be our old rallying cry, "freedom of the press." Sixty-three and four-tenths per cent of the people thought the press was free: only 18.2 per cent thought it was not. Twenty-two and nine-tenths per cent of these were newspaper owners, 15.7 per cent were capitalists, and 11.3 per cent were advertisers. And of the 21.3 per cent of the people who thought the press had abused its freedom, 75 per cent of them attributed the abuse to prejudice, politics, sensationalism, exaggeration, distribution, suppression, propaganda and selfish use of power.

THE things that need your attention and mine lie in these propositions. There is no doubt in my mind that the same cause, when it is found and isolated, will be found to have brought about the diminishing stature in both directions, patronage by advertisers and esteem of the public. When that cause is attacked and the

remedy applied improvement will come.

The job is one that must be undertaken internally. But it must be undertaken from within else the cleansing, the purification, the re-animation will come from without. It must start with the willingness of the individual. It must start with a recognition of responsibility to an obligation as well as jealousy of a right.

It must be as ready to conform to the obligation as to defend the right. It must embrace energy of mind and enterprise of spirit to compete in a world where time leaves the laggard at the post. It must eliminate and supplant "rigidity of the mind" and resistance to change with a discernment that will foresee developments and an adaptability that will assimilate change.

It is a job, too, for associated effort, for the power and influence of the group. It must start with the adoption of a becoming standard that will regulate and control conduct within the group. It must embrace a code that will guarantee ethical dealings both amongst ourselves and between ourselves and our clients and place the plane of practice so high that fairness will never suffer. It must embody principles of performance that are so exacting that integrity of the trusteeship will never be questioned. It must establish in fact amongst its own members the honesty, conscientiousness, truthfulness and character that it would have exist amongst the other agencies of modern living.

COLLECTIVE action can serve itself well in these fields. The need is for strength and determination to see the needed improvement come about. It may require a major operation and it will take time and boundless effort. But the need is pressing and the promise of benefit is great.

I am no pessimist about the future of newspapers. The fact is that 41,000,000 people of the United States read them every day and depend upon them as the principal source of their information, the greatest single repetitious distribution of any product manufactured in our highly complex society. I would not sell newspapers and their future short. They have greater opportunities for useful public service than ever have existed, a service of integrity and sincerity gauged to meet the needs and the interests of the people.

I do know that the aspects where improvement is needed are important and vital. I am sure that we cannot attain the full bloom of maturity and prestige until the inertias and deficiencies are cleared away. It is simply a matter of how long it shall be before we invoke the necessary correctives.

Energy, enterprise, initiative, diligence and a higher professional skill must constantly be invested. Self-regulation of a positive order must be invoked. We need only the recognition of our weaknesses as a start towards improvement, and an untiring determination to correct them and perfect our performance as the necessary means to reverse the tendencies which must be a source of concern to us now.

Say the Scientists of the Scribes—



Hillier Krieghbaum

Nobel Prize Winners Discuss Work of Reporters on the Science Beat

By HILLIER KRIEGHBAUM

Assistant Professor, Kansas State College

WHAT do the scientists think of newspaper reports of their activities?

Are the stories too sensational?

Are they reasonably accurate?

Answers to these questions should yield clues as to the accuracy and reliability of reporting of science news in the daily press. The group which is most consistently quoted is, of course, the Nobel prize winners. They are pioneers in some outstanding field of research and they are the scientists whose names most frequently appear in the press.

WHAT do these Nobel prize winners think of science reporting?

I wrote to several of America's Nobel prize winners. I asked (1) whether they regarded the reporting of science news today as adequate and (2) what suggestions they would make for its betterment. To emphasize that there is a professional group doing some science reporting, as contrasted to the general assignment reporter who is sent out on an isolated science story I added this sentence to my letter:

"When I refer to science news reporting, I mean the professional writers such as those on *Science Service*; William Lawrence, of the *New York Times*, and Howard Blakeslee, of the *Associated Press*."

DR. ARTHUR H. COMPTON, University of Chicago professor who shared the Nobel prize in physics in 1927 for his research in the field of cosmic rays, replied as follows:

"In my judgment the best of the science news press reporters, such as those to whom you refer, are as competent in their reporting as one can hope to find. They have trained themselves carefully for their present work and are in a position to interpret current developments on the basis of a good background of knowledge of the fields of science. It is not impossible that more highly specialized reporters could give news in special fields, but it is doubtful whether such news would in any case be of considerable public interest.

"With regard to the adequacy of science reports, it would seem to me that the news aspect of science is well handled in many but not all of our leading newspapers. It is difficult to find an account of current advances in science, for example, in the leading Chicago newspapers, although such news is available to them through several news services. The chief lack in this regard would seem to me an inadequate appreciation of the place of science in human affairs. This, however, is more a matter for the historian than for the news writer. The latter must concern himself with the striking phenomena of the day. The former should, but does not always, lay par-

ticular emphasis on those things which shape the development of society. From this standpoint, the science of today is doubtless more significant than the political and military activities that are going on, though it would be too optimistic to expect the reader of the news of the day to appreciate this situation."

DR. ROBERT A. MILLIKAN, who won the 1923 Nobel prize for his cosmic ray investigation, agreed with Dr. Compton on the excellence of the professional science writers. He said:

"It is difficult to answer your question, but on the whole I think that we have developed in the United States an extraordinarily good group of science reporters who are doing a pretty good job in the way they are handling science news. I have no concrete suggestions as to improvement further than the general ones of gradually educating larger numbers of competent science reporters and awakening a larger interest in the newspapers carrying their writings."

DR. HAROLD C. UREY, Columbia university professor who won the Nobel prize in chemistry in 1934 for

[Concluded on page 14]

HAVE relations between science and the press improved in recent years—and how may they be further improved?

To answer these and other questions pertaining to scientists and reporters, Hillier Krieghbaum, Assistant Professor of Journalism at Kansas State College, queried several leading scientists with the accompanying interesting results.

Prof. Krieghbaum has done considerable science reporting during his journalistic career. Before his graduation from the University of Wisconsin, he worked summers on the South Bend (Ind.) News-Times. For a few months following graduation, he worked on the Reading (Pa.) Times. In February, 1927, he joined the United Press staff in New York City. During the next 10 years he served the UP as bureau manager in Philadelphia and St. Paul, night wire-filer in Chicago and as Washington correspondent, where he did much of the UP's science reporting. He left the UP in January, 1937, to finish his work for a master's degree at Northwestern University. Subsequently, he joined the faculty at Kansas State College.



Don Robinson

Who conducts the Forum page in the Oklahoma City Times.

ONE of the nice things about living in a democracy is that a man named Smith can take his pen in hand when the urge seizes him and write a letter to the editor.

He can denounce the government, deplore the state of modern morals or even call the editor a dope. He sees nothing very complicated about the world's problems, offers simple solutions for them all and gets a big bang out of seeing himself pop off in print.

Most newspapers with the space to spare let Mr. Smith indulge his yen to put in his nickel's worth. By and large, they do it patronizingly. They allow a few letters to pile up in the editor's desk and dump them into a column headed "Letters to the Editor" or "Letters From the People."

FOR years, the Oklahoma City Times, like so many of its metropolitan contemporaries, had carried a column or a half-column of letters-to-the-editor every day. They were run under a standing head, "Forum," unrelieved except for sub-heads and little introductory notes in boldface over each letter.

Then Walter Harrison, managing editor, decided that Mr. Smith—simple, humble soul though he is—had unexplored feature possibilities, and directed Gene Peach, then assistant city editor, to exploit the little fellow.

And so was born, on Jan. 25, 1935, the Times' Forum Page—an entire page each Friday, dedicated to the proposition that sometime in the life of every gentle reader he feels called upon to get it off his chest.

Today, the Forum Page is one of the Times' most popular features. Her sister paper, the Daily Oklahoman, which, too, had carried letters to the editor, has abandoned the field and left Mr. Smith to vent his spleen in the Times, knowing it would take good care of him.

The Forum has no sacred cows, no pol-

How One Paper Provides for Public's Popping Off in

By JOE STOCKER

Editorial Department, Oklahoma City Times

icy, no inhibitions, no shibboleths. It likes no statesmen and loves them all. It decries, pokes fun, pays tribute, points with pride and views with alarm.

It hunts for lost dogs, raises funds for an occasional worthy cause and prints a picture of Mr. Smith's little girl, if only because Mr. Smith thinks she is a pretty child. It publishes Mr. Smith's well-meaning but rather badly-written poetry, giving the old gent cause to believe he is some shakes as a bard, whereupon he sits down and writes some more.

THE Forum tries above all to entertain. It likes to have fun. Nobody without a sense of humor can be its editor. Droll fellows all have been its editors—Peach, first, and then Dale Clark and Leon Hatfield, and now Don Robinson, the latter three reporters. May Providence stay the day when a sourpuss will betray the Forum's rib-tickling heritage.

Practically anything short of libel goes in the Forum, which tries to be as much unlike the rest of the Times as possible. Long, windy, ponderous tracts provoke the Forum editor's fiercest frowns, and he usually takes after them with his trusty pencil. Short, concise, breezy letters make him happy, and he skips home after the day's work with an angelic smile

and a bouquet of posies for the little woman.

Every once in a while the Forum needs a shot in the arm. So the members of the Times' staff rally around and rip off bubbly letters, signing pseudonyms such as "Disillusioned," "Tax Weary" and "Huff N. Puff," which don't fool anybody except the readers.

Goofy type dress and screwy art displays have come to symbolize the Forum page. There was, for instance, that memorable page two weeks before the presidential election of 1936. The editor was doused in letters ringing the welkin for favorite candidates.

So he roped off the left third of the page for the vociferous friends of Landon and headed it up in 96-point, "ROOSEVELT, BOO!" Then he reserved the right third of the page for the equally vociferous friends of Roosevelt and headed it, "& BOO, Landon!"

Down the middle third of the page he draped those precious few letters from people who did not seem to care which one was elected.

BANNER lines were the Forum's weekly piece de resistance and chief eye-catcher, until the page grew up and rated a real, man-sized masthead. Here are a few samples:

NEWSPAPERS, meeting competition on all sides as they never have before, are having to pay more and more attention to wooing and keeping reader interest. This article tells how one newspaper has livened up one of its best features, the Vox Pop page.

Joe Stocker, who tells the story, has been with the Oklahoma City Times since his graduation from the University of Oklahoma in 1935. He has covered the court house, city hall, done rewrite and special features, and for the last two years has covered the state capitol beat.



Joe Stocker

Penchant for Print—

"Prayer & Politics—Cornbread & Crime—There's a Punch in Every Letter."
"Blood Pressure High? Read Forum Only Under Your Doctor's Care."
"Poems & Prose Shooting Praise, Prunes at Practically Everything."
"Everybody's Editorial Page—It Ought to Be, Everybody Wrote It."
"Forum Welcomes Hot Heads; We Can Print on Asbestos, If Necessary."
"... Of Shoes and Ships and Sealing Wax, of Cabbages and Kings. . ."
"It's Firecracker Time in the Forum; Don't Hold After Lighting."
"Politics, Poetry, Parades; Plenty Polyglot Is Today's Phorum."
"Aunt Forum's Spiced Hash: Take Contents This Page With an Aspirin."
"Feeling Mean Enough to Kick Grandma? Send It Via Times Forum."
"Forum Opens Pet Peeves Shop—Best Bargains in New, Used Squawks."

THERE was no art to enliven the Forum when it was launched. It did not get its pictorial christening until three weeks later when it experimentally offered a picture of a statue and a cartoon poking fun at Gov. E. W. Marland.

After that modest start, the Forum gradually developed a keen art consciousness, and now hardly a Friday goes by without a good soul-filling piece of art glowing there amidst the moans and groans from Forum fans.

The more unorthodox the picture, the better. One "Pa Green" suggested on a Friday that Rodin should have carved his statue of "The Thinker" with the head of John L. Lewis. The Forum took care of that little thing for him, with apologies to both the gentlemen.

"Ward Two Mother" wrote in that the telephone company should have been ashamed of itself, printing a naked man with a handful of lightning-bolts on the cover of its new telephone book to symbolize "The Spirit of Communication." The Forum editor discreetly dressed the Spirit in an undershirt and a pair of high water pants.

Even the Skipper, as the managing editor is known around the rim and up and down Main street, is not immune to the Forum's barbs. He went to Europe one summer and attended the press reception of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, at-tired, of all things, in slacks.

When word of his lese majeste reached home, the Forum editor hove to with a mischievous gleam in his eye and produced smack in the middle of the page his pictorial conception of how the Skipper should have dressed for the reception—in bowler hat, wing collar, sideburns and Court of St. James's knee pants. Underneath was the apology, "The great

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This is a typical example of the way the Times has dressed up its page of letters from readers.

subscriber list demands its pound of knee britches—so 'elp us."

WHEN the readers show symptoms of slacking, the editor slings a contest at them. All Forum contests are built around matters of burning unimportance and social insignificance.

A \$5 prize went for the best answer to the question, "How can we keep women from hanging their socks on the towel racks or elsewhere in the bathroom?" Three pairs of long-handle winter underwear were offered to the man whose wife wrote the best letter extolling the virtues of her "perfect husband."

While the legislature was in session, a prize of \$5 was awarded the writer of the best letter on the theme, "There orta be a law." The winner suggested a law against beefing, and the editor took that as a cue for his next contest—a \$5 bill to the best letter describing a pleasant experience.

At least twice the editor has let himself in for a bushel of trouble. Once a woman wrote in asking the Forum to find her a husband. The editor invited applications and to the successful contender he offered \$1.62, on the theory that a husband isn't worth more than that. Two weeks later, red of face, he called off the contest.

On another occasion, he held out \$5

for the best menu for the last meal of a condemned convict. There was a roar of protest from his offended readers. The editor apologized and promised never, never to do anything like that again.

EVER the champion of the abused and downtrodden, the editor invited his fans to write letters in defense of A. Hitler, the paperhanger, evidently on the principle that even the devil should have his due.

To launch the contest in fitting style, he published a three-column cartoon by Charles Werner, the *Oklahoman-Times'* Pulitzer prize-winning cartoonist, showing Der Fuehrer with a flower in his hand, a beatific smirk on his face and a halo wired over his head. The original of the cartoon was offered as a prize. The readers got into the facetious swing of the thing and everybody had a swell time, especially the editor.

Once he learned that something had gone wrong with a blind man's "Seeing Eye" dog and both had been struck by a car. In a more serious moment, the Forum raised \$80 from contributions and sent man and dog back to the institute in New Jersey for re-training.

A repository for squawks and praises be, public benefactor and circus sideshow, an institution and a lot of fun—all these the Forum.

Coulton Waugh Relives Own Adventures in Deeds of Dickie

By FRANK REILLY

Comics Editor, AP Feature Service



Coulton Waugh

NINE out of every ten comic strip artists depend on their imaginations for the quixotic conceits which keep their characters leaping nimbly from climax to climax. The tenth, Coulton Waugh, relies chiefly on his memory.

The breezy, brawny, tawny-haired man behind the AP Feature Service's *Dickie Dare* has crammed his 39 gusty years with enough stirring experiences to keep a dozen strips going. Gifted with a memory so retentive that he plays chess blindfolded, he now vividly reconstructs for his strip, a pen-and-ink saga of a typical American boy and his boat and his dog, the details of his own deep-sea adventures. Many of the episodes of youthful *Dickie's* salt-sprayed career are rewrites of chapters from Waugh's own life.

To give you an idea: he navigated a leaky 40-foot ketch through 800 miles of iceberg-studded fog to bring back a doctor to the flu-stricken natives of Battle Harbor, Labrador; he sailed from Newfoundland to Long Island in midwinter, bringing in the 72-foot schooner, "Marit," literally covered with ice; en route from the West Indies to New York in a 55-foot yacht, he cracked up on a shoal off Cape Hatteras.

THOSE are the high lights of many years before many masts. Also, Waugh's restless energy and varied talents have sent him into many fascinating places and occupations on dry land. But first, how does this venturesome chap like being barricaded behind a drawing board? And how did he get there?

Take it, Coulton:

"Well, I like it fine, and I got behind here because I decided it was just the place for me. This is the logical sequel to an illogical sequence of events. A comic strip provides me with the ideal outlet for

the accumulated experiences of 20 interesting years of knocking about a good part of the world. It is a sort of clearing house for the things I have seen and done and felt in that time. *Dickie's* adventures are a crystallization of my impressions and observations. Now I have both a safety valve for my adventurous impulses and an exhaust for my creative urge. In other words, I like it."

You can believe him—he does like it. His strip and his method of working prove that. *Dickie Dare* addicts in 150 newspapers write in to tell Coulton how they tingle to his fast-moving sequences, his glamorous locales, his high-tension situations, but only a few of us know of the bang Waugh gets out of his own strip. He has been alternately dooming and rescuing *Dickie* and his companions from a thousand fates for five years now, but he still retains the bubbling enthusiasm of a beginner. Every few weeks he comes hurrying into the office with an idea for the next sequence, "absolutely the best I've ever had."

PROBABLY the reason why *Dickie* proceeds at such a furious pace is that Coulton is as eager for new adventures as his little hero. Halfway through one sequence Waugh becomes excited about the next and, impatient to get at it, he will rush through the current one to a whirlwind conclusion.

But there was one sequence that Coulton was in no rush to complete. That was the time *Dickie* was engaged in raising the treasure chest from the hold of an ancient galleon. An important newspaper indicated it might drop the strip at the close of the current sequence in which *Dickie* was trapped on the ocean's floor. Coulton kept *Dickie* under water, in his diving suit, for six thrill-packed weeks. Then, before the editor could catch his breath, *Dickie* was whisked off into another nerve-tingling situation. That was three years ago, and the strip is still going strong in that paper.

But to get back to Waugh's pre-*Dickie Dare* days. He has worked under Sir

FRANK REILLY, Comics Editor for the Associated Press . . . born in Brooklyn, N. Y. . . . has lived there ever since, except for four years at college in New England . . . Holy Cross, Worcester, Mass. . . . and vacation travels . . . not wholly a theorist about comics, has drawn them . . . became interested in them while at college when his work in college paper attracted an offer to do a strip which was syndicated to a number of other college papers throughout the country . . . went into free lancing after graduation . . . maintained own studio in New York . . . did advertising and illustrating and cartooning for *old Life*, *Judge*, *Collier's*, *Saturday Evening Post* . . . worked on strips for several syndicates before coming to AP Feature Service as Comics Editor in June, 1936.

Believes the actual editing is the least of the comics editor's work . . . more important to keep the artists pepped up about their features, assist them in devising and plotting adventures and situations . . . enjoys deskside chats with artists, story conferences.

Takes his comics seriously . . . believes them a serious business . . . thinks comics are as definite a form of entertainment as the stage, film, radio . . . with the possible exception of radio, comics entertain each day more people than any other form of entertainment.

Believes convincing character portrayal is most important element in successful comics . . . more important than drawing or story. Thinks *Great American Comic* is still to come . . . makes it a point to see every aspiring artist in hope of discovering it.

Drawing the Dare—

Wilfred Grenfell, the medical missionary, in Labrador, and with naturalist Will Beebe in the American Museum of Natural History; he has sold hooked rugs, marine antiques and ships models; he was tympanist, violinist and musical librarian with the Christian Kriens-conducted symphony orchestra which performed in Carnegie and Aeolian Halls; he was a member of a treasure-hunting expedition which rooted unsuccessfully around a little island somewhere along the Atlantic Coast (he won't divulge the location as he is convinced the treasure IS there); he has done textile designing, decorative cartography, caricatures and political cartoons; he has written and illustrated for *Fortune*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Vanity Fair*, *Ken*, *Yachting*, *Boys' Life*, *Blue Book*; he has drawn for the *New York World*, *Tribune* and *Post*; he has had one-man shows of his oils, water colors and lithographs in New York and other cities; he has dabbled in real estate, wrestling and poetry; he has . . . well, that's the general idea.

AND all with only one eye. Coulton lost his right eye in a rifle accident at 13. That tragic accident occurred shortly after his American-born parents brought him to New Jersey from St. Ives, England, where he was born. Unable to read for some time he was forced to leave school. His attention turned from books to the outdoors. He spent most of his time in the New Jersey woods, studying plants and birds and animals.

Those studies and observations equipped him for his first job, with the American Museum of Natural History, in 1915. Twenty years later, after having earned his living at about everything from advertising to zoology in the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, Labrador, the West Indies, England, France and Spain, he found the job for which unconsciously he had been grooming himself all that time—doing a comic strip. The AP Feature Service gave him the assignment.

Waugh is frank to admit he found it difficult at first, converting himself into a strip artist.

"It was not until I began working on the first set," he recalls, "that I realized the diabolically ingenious predicament in which the characters had been left by my predecessor. By dispensing with sleep for a few nights and fueling myself with successive pots of coffee I finally unraveled things, and rescued Dickie and his companions. But it took a bit of doing."

Another thing that bothered Waugh at first were the space limitations. Accustomed to spreading his art all over a page, he had to conquer a sort of claustrophobia at being confined to the comparatively limited enclosure of strip format.

THE QUILL for January, 1940



This is young Dickie Dare, whose adventures are legion.

Now, at the end of five years, Coulton feels he has his artistic energy harnessed. And he likes it.

"Where else can you get the stimulation and the variety of scene and action that an adventure strip affords?" he asks. "Dickie and Dan and Wags have taken me all over the world. I am their silent partner in all their adventurous schemes and undertakings. I've been with them to the bottom of the sea, and I've accompanied them through the stratosphere; I've hacked through the jungles of New Guinea, and trekked across the barren wastes of Greenland; I've rounded Cape Horn in a 30-ft. yawl; I've come to grips with savage headhunters, sinister Orientals and bloodthirsty bandits; I've discovered pirates' treasures, lost cities, radium and gorgeous white goddesses. Why, after

doing 'Dickie' anything else would seem dull by comparison."

THERE'S one thing that worries him a little. That's the matter of Dickie's schooling. The little lad is kept so busy chasing thrills over the seven seas that he has no time for book learning. But Coulton comforts himself with the reflection that travel is the best of all educations. He is willing to match Dickie against a high school faculty in a geography quiz, any time, any place.

Waugh turns out Dickie from two studios. In the winter months he works in New York, in an atelier on Washington Square; summers, in an old wharf in Provincetown, Cape Cod—the tides wash under his studio—where he can keep an eye on his racing-sloop moored in his front harbor. As an ex-commodore of the Provincetown Yacht Club he has no intention of beaching himself. He travels a good bit, sometimes as far as Mexico, invariably returning with sheaves of sketches of character types and local flora and fauna.

While Dickie is a man-sized job—it is one of the most accurately and elaborately drawn of the adventure strips—it is not Waugh's only artistic interest or occupation. He is intensely interested in his serious painting, for which he saves a part of each week. Coulton really lets himself go on canvas. Metropolitan art critics at his recent New York show blinked, but liked his bold, colorful burlesque queens, waitresses and subway derelicts.

Waugh's artistic virtuosity is a heritage from his father, Frederick J. Waugh, the distinguished marine painter, who in turn took it from his father. Gwenth Waugh, the noted fashion designer, is Coulton's sister. His wife writes and paints.

Oh yes, we almost forgot, Coulton also plays the accordion.



Frank Reilly

I WAS awakened in Tokyo by the house shaking, accompanied by the muffled rumblings which I have been told accompany a large and dangerous earthquake.

My first impulse was to get to our eight months' old baby. Getting the door open, which seemed to take hours, I stepped into the nursery, looked out the window, and saw countless Japanese soldiers on horseback. Large tanks followed.

I closed both windows to keep out the noise but left one curtain back to watch how the little fellow was taking it. He was sound asleep. I closed the curtain and went back to the bedroom, where I saw a shadow outlined against the window. It was my husband.

We both watched the soldiers for a while. What I would give for a cup of coffee, nice hot coffee, but I could not go downstairs and make one, because we are not allowed in our own kitchens in Japan without loosing face, or having the cook lose his face by not making it for us.

SO we crawled back under the covers. The noise and vibration of the tanks were so loud I could not have heard the baby cry, which meant that I must keep awake and go to him every half hour while the soldiers paraded their pre-dawn way to China.

All the soldiers and cavalry in Japan seemed to have passed!

A new noise—Army buglers, young fellows preparing to bugle some day, in the Dai Nippon army, on the Chinese or Russian fronts, opened the day under our window.

I hoped my husband would be able to sleep a little longer. I took the baby down to the dining room. His nurse carried his food. 'Twas mighty cold downstairs.

While the baby and I were having breakfast, I heard my husband's tray being taken upstairs. Now I knew my efforts had gone to waste.

Before long he appeared, in his striped trousers and morning coat, which meant to me that he had several appointments with Japanese business men, and maybe dinner, too. He handed me a list of people to contact, who were supposed to be at the Imperial Hotel, and said good-by. The baby and I threw him another kiss from the dining room window.

While the nurse dressed the baby warmly, but not hot, I went upstairs and dressed. It had been raining earlier and I knew the park would be steamy, like an orchid house. The cook put the honorable baby's honorable buggy onto the honorable street, and tied the honorable Sealyham to the front of the carriage.

WE went into the park for his morning outing. I always take the baby on his walks, because Japanese children have such bad skins and runny noses, I did not want him handled by them.

By the front gate of the park was a sign written in Japanese "Please do not unleash your dog" written in two kinds of Japanese, one baby kind that I had studied in school (yes, I got through the eighth grade in Japanese grammar school). A bronze plaque at the other



Photos from INS
Marjorie Young presents a charming picture in flowing Japanese garb.

end of the park read "Prince Takamatzu gave this peaceful spot to the public." I figured, in true American style, that if the buglers could not read the bronze plaque, that I could not read the cheap white wooden one, and so unleashed the Sealy-Susie from Hollywood.

The bugle practice was terrific, but the baby seemed to have accepted it now that he could see where it came from. The buglers admired the baby. One of them wanted to present him with his bugle. Poor fellow. We soon got out the other end of the park and sauntered around by the French Embassy. There are few side-walks in Japan. You must pick side streets, if you want to walk without endangering your life with careless truck drivers and bicyclists.

WE got back to the house, and were met by the nurse and the maid, who told me to call my honorable boss's office. I did.

The message by the American-born Japanese telephone operator said I was

to proceed to Yokohama, to get the baby's oranges off of the boat which would dock in about one hour.

I had a luncheon engagement which had been made some four weeks ago, with bridge to follow. Most engagements in Tokyo are made four to eight weeks ahead, except for tourists.

Calling my hostess frantically on the phone, and hoping she would understand, I explained my situation. I was given quite a cold reply, told that I must be there for bridge as she had tried everywhere to get a good bridge player, and had only asked me at the last moment. I agreed to all that she said; I also agreed to be there by 2:30.

It now being 10:30 and time for the baby to have his orange juice, and for me to make his formula of imported powdered milk (now banned), I donned my white apron, entered the kitchen. Everything had been laid out for me. The bottles were full of nice hot sterilized water. Many times I had wanted to boil

This Is a Typical a Full One—in A Journal Wife in Japa

By MARJORIE Y

If you ever have entertained becoming a foreign correspondent if your wife ever has as much to say for you—perhaps you are interested in this candid chat by the wife of likable Jan Young, ace International Correspondent in

Tropical Day—and —in the Life of A Analyst's Wife in Japan

JORIE YOUNG

entertained the idea of
sign correspondent—or
has aspired to such a
haps you'll both be in-
andid chronicle written
able James R. "Jimmy"
ernational News Service
ndent in Tokyo.



And here she presents just as attractive a picture
in American garb.

the water myself, but that would have hurt the cook's feelings.

When the milk was finished, the cook came up to the study with me to go over the day's menus. Mostly the baby's. I told him there would be five of us for dinner, three people from the boat, who wanted some good simple home cooking. He beamed and said, "can do, if okusan (honorable mother of the boss's children) lets honorable cook get into her supply closet of nice American things."

I had carefully gathered together such articles as macaroni, chocolate, coffee, dry cereals, canned vegetables, and fruit, seasonings such as pepper, mustard, vinegar, olive oil, bottled sauces like ketchup, cans of fruit juices, tomato juice, potted and dried beef, cheese, and cake seasonings. All of which have been banned.

The door to the supply closet is always open. If I were to lock it, someone would make a key and sell the groceries to a store, but if I leave it unlocked, no one will touch it without asking.

THE cook departed and I called a taxi. The cab company did a lot of talking and apologizing over the phone which I could not understand. I called the maid. She listened and listened until finally she informed me that the taxi rates had been doubled, because of the shortage of gasoline. After spending 20 minutes of that kind of talk, I told her to have the taxi man come over as fast as he could, for I was going to Yokohama.

"To Yokohama," said the maid, "Okusan, you told me last night that you were going to a luncheon in Tokyo." I told her not to worry, she had not lost the face God gave her because I was coming back from Yokohama just to wear the dress she had so carefully ironed while squatting on her straw floor.

The taxi driver arrived, full of apologies about having their war inconvenience a foreigner (to the extent of 30 cents). I caught an express to Yokohama. Got the oranges. Took a taxi back to the Yokohama station. Bought a Japanese

box lunch on the train. This clean little white wooden box had some boiled chicken with a hot brown sauce on it, some smelly radish pickles, a piece of sweet vegetable, and a couple of green leaves for decoration. Underneath was a separate box of well cooked clean white rice.

WHEN I reached home there was a big brown car in front of the door. Also my husband's car. Strange he should be home this time of day. I did hope that horrible vehicle was not a hearse.

The maid met me at the door. Upon hearing voices in the living room I dashed upstairs, and hung myself over the banister, the better to hear you my dear. Soon I saw my husband going to the phone, and caught his eye, which told me the worst had happened. The gendarmes were present. I rang the cook's bell. It seemed to take him forever to get upstairs. He had been listening through a window from the garden, and the maid had a hard time taking him away from his coveted spot.

I bade him make American biscuits and American coffee. I remembered Japanese are obliged to eat and drink whatever is offered them when they are a guest—especially in a foreigner's home. I figured my husband was trying to detain these men a bit longer. It worked.

The door bell rang. It rang again. And a third time. I was so excited I could hardly button my dress.

When I was fully clothed and not in my right mind at all, I descended the stairs, to be met by the dog (yes, she had done her part, too, for the Japanese had never seen Sealyhams in the flesh) in the front hall. Also a friend from the American Embassy, who said he was just leaving and would give me a lift. What he wanted was to find out the whole story. But I did not know it. He was disappointed, but gallant, and took me to my bridge date.

I was five minutes late, and if looks would kill, I should be dead. All the players looked at me as much as to say, "Well, if you could not get here for lunch, you certainly could have managed to get to bridge on time." (They'll Do It Every Time, Hatlo.) I said nothing.

AT my bridge table was the wife of a well known short story writer, who had come to Japan for a spot of color. She was staying a few days, while her husband collected material he needed for a book.

Another player was a cousin of one of the Panay refugees. She had come over in hopes of being of some help to the wounded, but was obliged to stay in Tokyo, because there were no boats going to Shanghai.

Behind me, I could hear the wife of a large silk exporter from Yokohama saying that this would be her last luncheon in Tokyo, because she did not like the trains, and she could not get gasoline enough for her car to make the Tokyo trip of 18 miles. The wife of the National City Bank manager said she would have

to give up their large car because they could not get enough gasoline to take the children to school. Someone else was complaining about not being able to play golf or get golf balls.

At 5 o'clock our hostess served tea, from a beautiful silver service. She had cookies made out of real American flour, with real American walnuts in them. Cake with chocolate frosting! That rarity, now that the imports have been cut. Tea and American coffee!

One of the guests was going down town, and said she would give me a lift to the hotel. I was still clinging on to the guest list to be looked up, which my husband gave me in the morning.

Arriving at the Imperial Hotel, I had a hard time getting anyone to pay attention to me. The entire Italian army appeared swarming around the vestibule. It was the Italian economic mission. A friend spied me and introduced me to the entire group. In true Italian style, I got my hand kissed so many times that I wondered how it tasted by now, but was in no mood to find out.

I finally edged my way up to the desk and was able to round up one couple, and 15 minutes later got in touch with the others. I invited them to meet me in the lobby by 7 o'clock.

NOW that my dinner guests had been phoned, I went out to the street and took a taxi to the Mitsukoshi department store. Before reaching there, however, my driver made me get out as he was out of gasoline. He found me another cab.

Rain was falling before I reached the door of Mitsukoshi. I headed for the phone booth, made for short Japanese people. After bending to reach the phone, and hoping that the part of me which stuck out the door like a shelf, would not have a package placed upon it, I managed to phone the house to tell them to please close the baby's windows, because of the rain.

I got into an express elevator by mistake, and arrived at a floor where they were having a large anti-spy exhibition. One life-sized portrait of Ray Marshall, the *United Press* correspondent (now in San Francisco), struck my eye. It was beautifully draped with the Japanese flag, and underneath was written in Japanese, "Do not trust newspapermen, nor tell them any of your secrets."

Another was a picture of the inside of a railroad train, with a man seated reading a newspaper. This one said, "Do not trust a man reading a paper, he may be holding the paper up as a shield while listening to your conversation."

This exhibit took in half of the entire floor. To me the most amusing one was entitled "The garbage can ear" accompanied by the picture of a man in working clothes, piecing together the small scraps of paper which, it warned you, had been carelessly torn up and thrown into the wastebasket of some ammunition plant.

THIS brought to my mind the story of the American in Yokohama who was ac-

cused of being a spy, because the servant found in his bedroom several large negatives showing the country roads around his home. After spending a few days in jail he was able to get to the hospital to prove that these were pictures of his own intestines, which had been photographed before an appendectomy.

Not wanting to try the elevator again I walked down several floors, to buy the baby a cotton shirt. None was to be had, as cotton is banned, except for the army. The sales girl was able to find some old sweater linings which served my purpose.

Going to the first floor, I bought some canned Japanese salmon. The salesman was very sorry but he could not wrap up the cans, because of the shortage of paper since the war. "After all, madame, you see there is already a paper wrapper on each can." Face again.

The doorman was off at war, but some little boy produced a cab, after practicing his three English sentences on me of "Where are you going?" "Are you in a hurry?" and "What time is it?" To each one I smiled and said, "Yes; and I hope you have a fine Christmas, too." At that he bowed me into the cab, being much pleased at being understood.

Settling myself in the cab, with my canned fish, and the tiny white bundle, I could hear ringing of bells and the shouts of "Gogai" or "extra newspaper." The driver said it was the fall of some town in China, and that he sure hoped they would not draft him soon, because he hated war, and he hated the dirt and disease in China, too. His two youngest brothers were there now. Because of the new taxes and the control of food he did not feel strong enough to walk over miles and miles of Chinese fields!

RETURNING to the hotel, I sat in the lobby to wait for my dinner guests. When they arrived I ordered them drinks. Before long I saw my husband come in, which to me is the most pleasing sight in the world. I noticed that he had several people with him whom he brought up and introduced, with an aside that they, too, were joining us for dinner, explaining that we had to eat downtown, in a basement restaurant, or at home without lights, because of anti-air maneuvers.

Excusing myself I phoned the cook. He told me that he had bought some nice black paper bags, from the butler next door at the Peruvian Legation, to hang over the lights. Moreover, he had known about the air maneuvers for a week. The police had given him cards to fill out upon which he was to write every 15 minutes, exactly what he saw, and heard, and how the foreigners (meaning us) reacted to the whole affair. I told him we were now eight in number, which seemed to delight him, because he would have a larger report.

Then I told him that three of the guests were sailing tonight, and they would not have time to eat his honorable dinner. I gave the cook the phone number, where we could be reached, one of the necessary details in a newspaper household. You never know when a big story might break.

We took our guests through the basement telegraph office of the hotel. My husband wanted to send a cable. This proved interesting to the ladies. They could look at those cunning things, in the darling little arcade shops, run by the polite little Japanese.

I was glad we visited the stores for I saw a choice tube of American tooth paste in the drug store, which would go right in my supply closet.

WE landed in Lohmeyer's German basement restaurant, for dinner. The windows are covered with yellow figured curtains, behind which are concealed electric lights, giving a daylight effect. The restaurant is clean, and the food a little too rich, but good.

Three tables were put together for us. My husband and I arranged the seating on the way over, which is always an important factor in Tokyo's protocol atmosphere.

It was very cold, due to the testing of the aircooling system, and we were obliged to keep on our coats. Some good hot soup would help us out a lot. The men all wore dark suits except my husband who still had on his morning coat.

The men carried on most of the conversation, but I made next-day appointments with the ladies to go shopping. It always frightens me a little to go shopping with tourists, because they can find more useless "made in Japan" gadgets than they can find of things they would appreciate after they get home. They expect you to admire everything they buy, and they always have friends who have bought such interesting things on their trip to Japan 20 years ago! They want the same.

Some what? They have no idea what the objects are called or what they are used for, but "Aunt Nell uses them for flowers, and they are so pretty with red roses in them." At such a point we take a taxi and start the hunt.

AFTER saying goodnight to our guests, we drove home. My husband had some phone calls to attend to, and I went up to look at the baby. The cap on the metal hot water bag, around which his morning clothes were wrapped, had come loose. I had to get out all new clothes, and a new hot water bag in the dark. The "all clear" signal had not been given.

I was glad I had nice American blankets to cover him, and nice American hooks to fasten down the blankets.

Having finished with the baby, I joined my husband in his study, where I wrote some letters which would be off on tomorrow's boat to America.

Soon we went down town for the morning paper. The Sealyham and I waited in the car. No matter how many times I see the presses rolling off their papers, I get a big thrill out of it.

At midnight we were in the hotel lobby to read our papers. There were about ten people from some boat. You can easily tell tourists because of their clothes, and because they are always looking at everything.

[Concluded on page 19]

After Reading of These Journalistic Oddities, We're Paging Mr. Ripley!

By GUNNAR HORN



Gunnar Horn

A NEWSPAPER printed on rubber, for reading while bathing, was published for several years in Paris. It was called *La Naiade*, "the Water Nymph."

The Tombstone *Epitaph* of Tombstone, Ariz., once appeared with its front page made up to resemble a checkerboard, each of the alternately light and dark boxes containing a complete story. Commented Editor Walter H. Cole: "It has long been guessed that the Tombstone *Epitaph* has led a checkered career since 1880, but the fact had never come to light until the first page of this issue was off the press."

Readers who think big type headlines are recent should see the Seattle *Star* issue of 1906 in which a three-word, three-line head, SHOT/WIFE'S/LOVER, occupied nearly two-thirds of the front page.

WILLIAM "MEMORY" WOODFALL, London editor and parliamentary reporter of the 18th century, had such a phenomenal memory that he could attend a debate and report the speeches verbatim, without notes, the next day. His newspaper, the *Diary*, established in 1789, was the first daily to report parliamentary debates the morning after they had taken place.

Woodfall's modern successor may be a high school journalist. Bill Madden, sports editor of the high school paper at Sheridan, Wyo., knows from memory more than 2,750 football scores, the names of all the coaches, grid stars, track stars, and basketball players of 160 leading universities of the United States.

The linotype is recognized as a wonderful machine, but how many would guess that 100 linotypists could set all the words of all the languages on earth in less than 12 days. They could set in type every word acquired by the human race in 50,000,000 years.

Automatic vendors replace newsboys in Berlin. The machines are operated by a news company and offer a choice of papers. The customer puts his pfenning in the slot and pulls the lever which releases his paper.

THE Duke of Windsor, while still Prince of Wales, declared he would pick journalism as a career if he were not a prince. Crown Prince Michael of Rumania went a step farther when, at the early age of 12, he declared his intention to become a newspaperman. The determining factor was a check for five dollars, sent him by a Bucharest weekly for an article the prince wrote on "The Beneficial Results of Open Air Sports."

If you think mass coverage of news events came with the World War, you are a couple of wars off. The New York *Herald* employed 63 war correspondents during the Civil War. The *Herald* also used the telegraph extensively at a time when it was still a novelty.

Another invention, the typewriter, now standard equipment in even the smallest newspaper office, first invaded newspaper life in 1893. The Cleveland *Press* became the scene of the revolution when an advertising deal saddled the *Press* with a dozen Smith-Premier typewriters. They were as noisy as an early Model T, but proved a boon to typesetters.

This reference to typesetters leads us to comment that two of the Pilgrim Fathers, William Brewster and Edward Winslow, were printers. They had been engaged in printing English pamphlets in Leyden before they came to America in 1620. Considerable printing in English was done in Holland, particularly of books and pamphlets that might be considered seditious in England.

THE first illustration in an American newspaper was a wood-cut reproduction of the new flag of the United Kingdom of England and Scotland. The illustration appeared in the Boston *News-Letter* in January, 1707.

The first political cartoon published in America was drawn by Benjamin Franklin and appeared in the *Pennsylvania Gazette* in May, 1754. It represented a snake cut into eight pieces and bore the legend, "Join, or Die."

The oldest newspaper in the world is the *Tching-Pao*, or *Peiping Gazette*, which has lived 1028 years and is still being published. Eight hundred of its editors are said to have been beheaded for printing articles that displeased the authorities.

Fan mail, according to the late O. O. McIntyre, was first inspired by R. F. Outcault with his comic series called "The Yellow Kid," in 1897. So clever was Outcault in baiting the public that letters of praise descended by the bagload. He used to quote some of his letters to give readers the idea of expressing their sentiments and perhaps seeing their names in print.

Switzerland publishes nearly 500 daily newspapers although it has a population of only 4,000,000. If the United States published dailies in proportion, we would have 15,000 daily newspapers instead of the actual 2,000 that we do have.

THE Kamloops *Wawa* is one of the queerest newspapers the world has seen. Circulating among Indians who didn't know English and could not read ordinary print, the paper was published chiefly in shorthand.

Two thousand or more Indians in British Columbia learned shorthand so that they could read the paper. Each copy was

COLLECTING journalistic curiosa is the interesting hobby of Gunnar Horn, journalism instructor in the Benson High School in Omaha, Nebr., who shares a portion of his collection with you in the accompanying article.

Born in Denmark, Mr. Horn has received his A.B. and M.A. degrees from the University of Omaha and has been spending his summers plugging away, as he puts it, toward a Ph.D. degree at the University of Iowa. He has been teaching in the Omaha schools for five years, the last two as a journalism instructor.

He is co-author with Mrs. Anne Lane Savidge of a "Handbook for High School Journalism"; is Nebraska state director for the National Association of Journalism Directors, a member of the advisory committee on salaries of the National Education Association and vice-president of the Omaha Teachers Forum.

passed from hand to hand until it was literally read to rags, a circumstance which makes the few surviving copies rarities today. The first issue, 45 years ago, consisted of four tiny pages, but by 1904 the June issue ran to 80 pages, including a supplement dealing with early church history. The *Wawa* was the creation of the Rev. Father Jean Marie LeJeune. The first issues were written with a stylus and run off on an old mimeograph. Later photo-engravings were made of the manuscript and the paper was printed on a regular press. When a new generation of Indians had learned English the publication was discontinued.

THE famous poem, "Columbus," by Joaquin Miller was first published in the *San Francisco Morning Call*. "The Man with the Hoe" by Edwin Markham is another famous poem that first appeared in a newspaper. It was printed in the *San Francisco Examiner* in 1899 and made Markham famous overnight.

Among the unique books in the Library of Congress is a leather-bound volume containing the first pages of 1,314 daily newspapers of March 4, 1933, constituting a record of the way in which the nation's press reported the inauguration of President Franklin D. Roosevelt. The volume was presented to the library by N. W. Ayer and Son of Philadelphia, sponsors of the annual Ayer newspaper typography award.

Confronted with the question, "What is a newspaper?" the Ohio state tax commission found that it took a sentence of

308 words to answer; and then they qualified their definition with an additional statement of 31 words.

In its heyday, the *Literary Digest* was exclusively a compilation of material extracted from other papers.

Once the editors asked Willis J. Abbot to write an article, but in making the contract, they distinctly specified that he must permit its publication in some other periodical so that they might quote it instead of printing it as an original contribution.

Accordingly the article appeared in a small country newspaper which ordinarily would never have given the slightest attention to that particular topic, before it was republished with due credit in the *Literary Digest*.

"Thirty" is the traditional endmark for a piece of newspaper copy, but no one knows its origin. One version is that when the *New York Associated Press* began operations its contract with the newspapers called for a night report of 3000 words. When the amount was in, "3000" was appended, meaning "good night" or "the end." Before long the "3000" was abbreviated to "30."

Another version is that the symbol started in a daily printing office where it took an average of 30 galleys of type to make up the usual run. Each typesetter took a galley-slug in turn from the foreman's desk, and when the one who had slug No. 30 finished his galley, he called, "Thirty," as notice to the other typesetters to help make up the paper.

and interested scientific workers to get together as often as time permits to discuss the various difficulties which are apparent and jointly work out the best solution. Progress is being made in this field, particularly by New York papers, but too many of the newspapers in smaller cities assign cub reporters to cover a science story. It is impossible for a junior reporter of this sort to handle a complicated story related to medicine or any other scientific matter. The sooner this is understood, the better for the newspapers and for the reading public."

CARL D. ANDERSON, of California Institute of Technology, who is America's physicist most recently honored with the Nobel prize in 1936, wrote that the trend appeared to be away from sensationalism, a trend in which he heartily concurred.

"On the whole, I believe the reporting of science news is being carried out in an effective way today," he said. "There has been a trend during the past several years away from sensationalism and toward a more simple and direct presentation of facts."

"The better science writers are well trained and are doing an extremely difficult job admirably well. Improvement could come from a change in policy on the part of a great many newspapers who now feel that for purposes of creating and maintaining readers' interest it is necessary to play up each minor discovery and report it as 'the greatest discovery of the age.'"

ON the basis of these letters from Nobel prize winners, one may conclude that they are satisfied with the reporting of their activities by the small professional group of science writers. However, they agree that too frequently city editors send general assignment men to report the complicated developments of current laboratory research and the application of this progress to practical life.

The solution, they write, is more reporters with an adequate background in science, adequate enough to permit interpretation and explanation of what the isolated incidents mean to the whole fabric of science.

CARL P. MILLER (Kansas State '20), formerly vice-president and general manager of Dow, Jones & Co., Ltd., publishers of the Pacific Coast edition of the *Wall Street Journal*, recently was elected president of the company. Miller succeeds KENNETH C. HOGATE (DePauw '18) as head of the Pacific Coast organization. Hogate remains as president of Dow, Jones & Co. in New York. Both Miller and Hogate are past national presidents of Sigma Delta Chi.

Say the Scientists

[Concluded from page 5]

his research with "heavy water," realizes that the essential point is impressing the editors and managers of newspapers, the men who determine its policy. He wrote:

"The reporting of science news in recent years has been done fairly well. The science reporters to whom you refer have tried their very best to report the work honestly, and to give emphasis on important rather than catchy subjects. The reporting, however, has not been entirely satisfactory. Oftentimes it is somewhat inaccurate, and in many cases the emphasis has been wrong. The great difficulty, it seems to me, in the whole problem, is in getting the managers of newspapers to accept good scientific reporting. It may be true that their judgment is correct, namely, that what I would regard as good scientific reporting would not be read by the readers of newspapers.

"I would suggest that newspaper reporting of science would greatly improve if more science were included in the curriculum of the men who aspire to be science reporters. I have

a feeling that many of our scientific reporters never did understand any science thoroughly, and as time has gone on they have acquired a hazy idea of what the recent developments are about without understanding any of them. I am repeatedly visited by people who are trying to report our scientific work who have never had an elementary course in any science. For them to try to explain anything to the public is practically impossible, as you can readily see."

DEAN G. H. WHIPPLE, of the School of Medicine and Dentistry of the University of Rochester, Rochester, N. Y., distinguishes between the professional science writer and the general reporter who has been assigned to cover a science meeting just as he might be sent to see a visiting cabinet officer from Washington or the town's gangster chieftain.

"You will find few physicians who are satisfied with the reporting of science news, particularly that of medical science," he wrote. "I believe the way out of this difficulty is for editors

So You Want to Write Ad Copy—

NEWSPAPER work is good training for the advertising agency business, provided it is not all on the "news side" and doesn't continue too long.

I have known very few old-timers among newsmen who could adapt themselves to agency work, except special publicity duties; but many youngsters, after a few years on newspapers, find their niche in the agency business.

The best training is on small-town papers, where youngsters can not only handle news assignments, but also sell space, develop ideas, even write copy for local advertisers, and "do everything in the shop."

If this is supplemented by real selling experience, behind counters, on the road, even door-to-door—then the aspirant is on the right track.

THE major lack in writers who have not even had space-selling experience is failure to develop the *commercial* or *sales* instinct. We find that many newspapermen and feature writers who have never done any other kind of work or who have never held a business job, are completely impractical even at copy-writing, which is only one phase of the agency business.

We have tried out several who seemed to be up in the clouds—couldn't get their feet on the ground—couldn't or wouldn't go out in the field to do research and get the facts—were completely lost at a sales meeting. They were inclined towards fancy writing, verbosity and inability to develop simple ideas easily visualized as selling messages.

Disillusioned, they returned to editorial work or fiction or other straight writing, where they really belonged and could be happy.

Their failure to "click" in advertising was no reflection on them; they simply lacked that which is essential in advertising—salesmanship. They had mistakenly supposed that good merchandising ideas are pulled out of the air and that the agency business is an exciting and easy way to make a lot of money. As a matter of fact, it is 10 per cent inspiration, and 90 per cent perspiration.

JUDGING from my own experience—and I got into advertising while still quite young—it will take any man who is primarily a writer, several years to become an efficient advertising man, even with the best training that practical experience can give. In my case,

By **JAMES C. KNOLLIN**

FOR those newspapermen who might be considering trying advertising agency work, we believe this brief article by James C. Knollin, of the Gerth-Knollin Advertising Agency, San Francisco, will prove illuminating.

Mr. Knollin is a graduate of the University of Wisconsin, '14, where he was a member of Sigma Delta Chi. He spent six years in newspaper and magazine work, then got into agency work as a copy writer, progressing successively through the stages of account executive and vice-president of a national agency, to his own business as half-owner of Gerth-Knollin.

the experience I gained on the business side of publishing, including space

selling, was even more helpful than the news and feature writing.

I certainly would not recommend advertising as a more useful, enjoyable or even more remunerative career, except for those who, like an agency friend of mine, can confess: "Any man is a damn fool to stay in the agency business, but I wouldn't do anything else."

Perhaps one in a thousand writers possesses that unique combination of qualities, so hard to describe, which mark them as Destiny's advertising children, who couldn't be happy at anything else. Of these, a few reach high places and high income brackets, while the rest of us just plug away making a living and "having a wonderful time."

Awards Committees Named

APPOINTMENT of two committees to put into effect the new series of honor awards, voted by the 1939 convention of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, have been announced by Elmo Scott Watson, editor of *Publishers' Auxiliary* and president of the fraternity.

Chairman of the committee on honor awards for professional newspapermen is Wayne Gard, editorial writer, *Dallas (Texas) News*, and an executive councilor of Sigma Delta Chi. Other members of the committee are: Barry Faris, editor-in-chief of *International News Service*, New York City, and an executive councilor of the fraternity; George Fort Milton, editor, the *Chattanooga (Tenn.) Tribune* and a national honorary member of the fraternity; Lee A. White of the *Detroit News*, a past president of the fraternity; Walter M. Harrison, managing editor of the *Oklahoma City Times*, and Will W. Loomis, editor, the *LaGrange (Ill.) Citizen*, both past national honorary presidents of Sigma Delta Chi; Kenneth E. Olson, dean of the Medill School of Journalism at Northwestern University and secretary of the National Council on Education in Journalism; Neal Van Sooy, publisher, the *Azusa (Calif.) Herald*, president of the American Institute of Journalists, the Los Angeles Professional chapter of Sigma Delta Chi; and O. C. Leiter, former Pacific Coast newspaperman and now a member of the journalism faculty at the University of Illinois.

The honor awards for professional newspapermen, established to foster and encourage the journalistic standards for which Sigma Delta Chi stands, will consist of citations annually to individuals for writing of superior quality. The awards will be made for each of five types of writing: (a) general reporting, (b) ed-

itorial writing, (c) foreign correspondence, (d) Washington correspondence, and (e) radio newswriting. A medal of high quality will accompany each citation.

HEADING the committee on awards for undergraduate students of journalism on campuses where chapters of Sigma Delta Chi are located is Prof. Charles E. Rogers, head of the department of technical journalism at Iowa State College, Ames. Other members of the committee are: Lester Jordan, head of the department of journalism at Southern Methodist University, Dallas; A. C. Cogswell of the school of journalism at the University of Montana, Missoula; H. E. Birdsong, head of the department of journalism at Temple University, Philadelphia; Ralph R. Lashbrook, associate professor of journalism at Kansas State College, Manhattan; and H. S. Hepner of the department of journalism at South Dakota State College, Brookings.

The awards to undergraduates will be made to winners of a national contest to determine the best selection (a) of editorials published by a college or university newspaper each school year, (b) of feature stories, (c) of sports stories, and (d) straight news stories. Each winner will receive appropriate citation and a high quality medal.

President Watson announced that the committee on undergraduate honor awards would also have supervision of the annual photography contest to be conducted at the national conventions of Sigma Delta Chi. The contest, which will be open only to undergraduate members of Sigma Delta Chi, will cover five classifications: (a) feature pictures, (b) sports pictures, and (c) spot news pictures, with first, second, and third awards in each classification.

Kiper's Kolumn

By JAMES C. KIPER

Executive Secretary,
Sigma Delta Chi

THE Executive Council, by unanimous vote, lifted the suspension of the NEBRASKA chapter Dec. 8. The chapter was suspended by the Council at the last convention for failure to be represented by a delegate. Evidence presented by the chapter showed that unavoidable circumstances, in which a telegram was not delivered, caused the delinquency. No penalty was assessed, and the chapter, which has a good record of long standing, is in good standing.

Action regarding the suspension of the WASHINGTON STATE chapter, which also failed to be represented at convention, is pending until the Council receives a formal statement from the chapter.

The dates for the 1940 convention will be announced within a few weeks. The meeting, which is expected to draw a record attendance because of its central location at Des Moines, Ia., probably will be held the last week end of August or the first week end of September. The DRAKE chapter, host, will be assisted by the other three undergraduate chapters in Iowa—GRINNELL, IOWA, and IOWA STATE.

THE OREGON chapter sponsored a testimonial dinner recently in honor of Prof. George S. Turnbull (Washington '15), member of the journalism faculty. More than 80 newspapermen, townspeople and faculty members attended the dinner to pay tribute to Prof. Turnbull for his completion of 22 years of teaching at the University, and the publication of his book, "The History of Oregon Newspapers."

Prof. Bristow Adams (Cornell Professional) was honored Dec. 13 at a banquet sponsored by the CORNELL chapter in observance of his twenty-fifth year as a faculty member and editor of publications at Cornell University. Prof. Adams was national honorary president of Sigma Delta Chi in 1929-30.

J. Howard Rusco (Kansas '36), field secretary of the Kansas Press association, was elected president of the TOPEKA Professional chapter Dec. 15. Russell Chezem (Kansas '36) and S. L. Walquist (Kansas '34) of the Capper Publications were elected vice-president and secretary-treasurer respectively. At the meeting, Prof. John J. Kistler (Kansas '21), of the Kansas University department of journalism and an Executive Councilor of SDX, presented a Sigma Delta Chi key to Kirke Mechem, secretary of the Kansas Historical Society, dramatist and novelist, on behalf of the national fraternity. Mechem was elected to national honorary membership by the 1939 convention of SDX.



Elmo Scott Watson, national president of Sigma Delta Chi, hangs one on the chin (all in fun, of course) of Max Baer, former heavyweight champ, with the assistance of Jack Hagerty, president of the South Dakota State chapter of SDX. The occasion was the annual Hobo Day homecoming celebration of the college. Watson, editor of *Publisher's Auxiliary*, was the principal speaker at a meeting of 1,077 South Dakota high school journalists.

Prof. Charles E. Rogers (Oklahoma '14) retiring head of the department of industrial journalism and printing at Kansas State College and former national vice-president of Sigma Delta Chi, was honored guest at a farewell smoker sponsored Dec. 12 by the KANSAS STATE chapter. Prof. Rogers, who assumed his duties as head of the department of technical journalism at Iowa State College Jan. 1, was presented with a desk set by the chapter in token of its appreciation of his activities in behalf of the fraternity.

PHILIP J. SINNOTT (Stanford Professional), Pacific Coast manager, N. E. A. Service, was elected president of the NORTHERN CALIFORNIA Professional chapter Dec. 1. Jack Hodges (Stanford '29), editor, *Western Banker*, was elected first vice-president; Pearce Davies (Washington '22), managing editor, *San Jose Mercury-Herald*, second vice-president; John C. Rice (Stanford '37), N. E. A. Service, San Francisco, secretary; and Prof. Clifford F. Weigle (Stanford '29), Stanford University, treasurer. A feature of the joint meeting with the STANFORD undergraduate chapter was a symposium on "War Censorship: New and Old." Speakers were Ben S. Allen, London AP correspondent during the World War, and Albion Ross, foreign editor of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, recently returned from reporting the present war. Five California newspapermen were initiated into professional membership: Morris A. Penter, publisher, *Oakland Post-Inquirer*; Roger Johnson, *United Press*, San Francisco; Charles Massey, feature editor, *San Francisco News*; Frank T. Carroll, Publisher, *Santa Cruz News*; Harvey H. Wing, reporter, *San Francisco News*.

Stars twinkled in every corner of Chicago's Hotel Sherman College Inn at noon, Jan. 8, when Louella O. Parsons, movie columnist, and "First Lady of Hollywood," was guest of honor at a meeting of the CHICAGO professional chapter. More than 225 members and their friends welcomed Miss Parsons and a host of stars. With Miss Parsons were Ronald Reagan, Joy Hodges, Jane Wyman, Susan Hayward, Arleen Whelan and June Preisser, all on a personal appearance tour. In addition to these well-knowns of movieland, visiting celebrities included Connie Bennett, Clifton Webb, Ella Logan, Ann Miller, Ben Blue, Frank Fay, Pinky Tomlin, and the Stroud twins—all playing in Chicago showhouses at the time. William F. Crouch, Chicago editor of *Motion Picture Herald* and president of the chapter, was in charge. Ashton Stevens, veteran drama critic of the *Chicago Herald-American*, introduced Miss Parsons.

Cash prizes of \$60 have been added to the awards in the INDIANA chapter's National Tall Story contest for newspapermen. First prize will be \$25, plus an inscribed gold key; second prize, \$15 plus an inscribed silver key; third prize, \$10; the next ten best stories, \$1 each. Lowell Thomas, Irvin S. Cobb and Arthur Robb, the judges, will determine the winners from all entries post-marked not later than midnight, Jan. 15.

The second annual southwestern regional meeting of Sigma Delta Chi, sponsored by the DALLAS professional and SOUTHERN METHODIST undergraduate chapters, will be held March 8 and 9 in Dallas. All members of SDX in Texas, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Louisiana and Arkansas are invited to attend. . . . Clarence Streit (Montana '14), author of "Union Now" was a recent speaker before the DALLAS chapter. . . . The NEBRASKA chapter published a special SDX edition of the campus daily on Dec. 8 in conjunction with the annual all-state football rally. . . . "What Will Happen to Writers When 'M' Day Comes" was the subject of Major M. Wells of Fort Hayes when he spoke to the OHIO STATE chapter Jan. 5 at a dinner meeting.

Irving Dilliard, vice-president of SDX in charge of undergraduate chapters, visited the ILLINOIS chapter Nov. 14. Editorial writer for the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, Dilliard also visited the MISSOURI and the LOUISIANA STATE chapters recently.

Elmo Scott Watson, SDX national president, will be a principal speaker at the 88th annual convention of the New York Press association to be held at Syracuse Jan. 26 and 27. Watson will be a guest of honor at a luncheon sponsored by the SYRACUSE chapter, and will present the chapter's award, a silver plaque, to the association newspaper adjudged as doing the most during the past year in the way of community service. The award, made by the chapter the first time this year, will be made annually in the future. . . . President Watson will speak to journalism students at Pennsylvania State College Jan. 22, and will be guest of the

[Concluded on page 19]

WHO · WHAT · WHERE

ROBERT JOHNSON (Indiana '41), a telegraph editor of the *Indiana Daily Student*, Indiana University, Jan. 6 was selected as winner of the Indianapolis Civic Theatre's twenty-fifth anniversary original play contest with his first three-act play, "The Sheltered." He received a \$500 cash prize.

FRANK B. HUTCHINSON (Syracuse Professional), field secretary of the New York Press Association and assistant professor in Syracuse University's School of Journalism, has been appointed a professor in the department of journalism at Rutgers University and as executive secretary of the New Jersey Press association. Hutchinson, who will take his new post Feb. 1, succeeds CHARLES L. ALLEN (North Dakota '24) who will join the staff of the Medill School of Journalism at Northwestern University.

RUSSELL I. THACKREY (Kansas State '27), now a member of the staff of the department of journalism at the University of Minnesota, has accepted appointment as head of the department of industrial journalism at Kansas State College. Thackrey succeeds CHARLES E. ROGERS (Oklahoma '14) who resigned effective Dec. 31 to become head of the department of technical journalism at Iowa State College. Rogers was the national vice-president in charge of expansion of Sigma Delta Chi, 1938-39.

N. L. HANNA (Butler '32) recently was appointed sales promotion manager of the Philip Hano Company, Inc., Holyoke, Mass., manufacturers of continuous printed forms. He previously was on the advertising staff of the Cincinnati Milling Machine company.

RALPH M. RICE (Georgia '38) recently joined the staff of the *Cedartown (Ga.) Standard*.

Announcement has been made of the marriage Nov. 25 of ANDREW G. OLOGSON (Indiana '39), managing editor of the *Indiana Alumni Magazine* (Indiana University), to Miss Betty Schrader, Kokomo.

FRED HAMLIN (Pittsburgh '27) recently joined the staff of *Scribner's Commentator* magazine as associate editor. Prior to the change, Hamlin was associated for more than 10 years with the Carl C. Dickey publicity agency, New York.

DYAR E. MASSEY, JR. (Georgia '38), assistant professor in the University of Georgia school of journalism, was elected director of the Southeastern Division of the American Association of Teachers of Journalism at its biennial meeting in Miami recently. Massey succeeds ELMER J. EMIG (Wisconsin '25), head of the department of journalism, University of Florida.

THOMAS F. ST. JOHN (Georgia '28) has accepted a position with the *Western Newspaper Union* in Atlanta, Ga.

RICHARD L. WILSON (Iowa '28), Washington correspondent for the *Des Moines Register-Tribune*, was recently elected president of the National Press Club. RICHARD L. HARKNESS (Kansas '28), Washington correspondent for the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, was elected a member of the club's board of governors.

Personal Paragraphs



Clark Squire

DYNAMITE packs a wallop.

A few hours after Clark Squire, new 1940 president of the Seattle Alumni chapter, Sigma Delta Chi, took office, newspapers carried this headline:

"Fraternity Probes Shakeup!"

It was the first echo of Clark Squire at work.

A man of few words, stocky, quiet, Squire is an exponent of action. He never speaks before he thinks. But when the fuse is lit, things pop. Squire does his well-timed popping locally for the *Seattle Star*.

Feature writer, political reporter, he makes words do more than most writers. Result: The Scripps League, composing 11 western newspapers, shot him to Washington, D. C., to cover the 1934 senate munitions hearing. He stayed at the nation's capital in 1935, '36 and '37. He covered the sessions of congress, hopped up to Dearborn to interview Henry Ford, rushed over to Wilmington to see Irene duPont, went out to the Mid-West to study the dust bowl.

Squire was a college editor (Wash. '16). He did his early stint on weeklies, later worked for the *Tacoma Tribune*, *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*, *Tacoma Times*.

Equipped with rich blue eyes, straight hair and a broad grin, Squire is often likened to the late Will Rogers, both in profile and profundity. Recently he was assigned to interview Sally Rand, the bubble dancer. Squire finished his story thus:

"Gee, Miss Rand, did you ever have any of 'em bust while you're dancin' out there all—well, like that? I ast her.

"Oh, sometimes."

"Gosh! Does it kinda sting?"

"Like sin!" says Sally."

His story popped loud enough for Miss Rand's agent to buy up 500 newspapers and mail them to show bookers over the country.

RAY E. HANSEN (Marquette '38), formerly editor and advertising manager of the *Menomonee Falls (Wis.) News*, is now editor and advertising manager of the *Clintonville (Wis.) Tribune*. His engagement to Miss Marion June Hansen of Butler, Wis., was announced Christmas day.

JOHN CANNING, JR. (Grinnell '31), member of the public relations staff of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, Chicago, and Miss Kay Beckman, Des Moines, were married in Des Moines Aug. 22. Miss Beckman, a member of Delta Gamma and Theta Sigma Phi sororities, was graduated from Drake University in 1934.

WENDELL OWEN (Ohio State '31) is now employed in the display advertising department of the *Portsmouth (O.) Times*.

GEORGE T. HART (Kansas State '37) has been appointed an instructor in journalism at Kansas State College for the second semester of the present college year. Hart will fill a vacancy existing until the appointment of Russell I. Thackrey, as head of the department, becomes effective July 1.

ROBERT B. SMITH (Ohio State '23), secretary-manager of the Virginia Press Association, was elected vice president of Newspaper Association Managers, Inc., at the 17th annual convention of this national organization in Chicago in October.

MORTON D. HANDLER (Syracuse '39), formerly with the *Hackettstown (N. J.) Gazette*, is now on the staff of the *Long Island Star-Journal*.

BERT POPOWSKI (South Dakota State '39) is an associate editor of *Look* magazine. He has written articles for various other magazines, including *Outdoor Life*, *Outdoors*, *Outdoor America*, *Scholastic Editor*, *Better Homes & Gardens*, *American Home*, and others.

—30—

WILLIAM M. HERSCHELL (Butler Professional), beloved poet of the Indianapolis (Ind.) *News*, died at his home in Indianapolis Dec. 2 after a long illness. Herschell, who spent 37 of his 66 years in Indiana on the *News*, was known especially for his homespun feature, "Songs of the Streets and Byways," which appeared each Saturday. He was the last of the well-known "idle ward" of the *News*, den of the three creative spirits. The other two were Kin Hubbard, creator of "Abe Martin," and Gaar Williams, cartoonist.



Protect Your Fraternity Name

Your Balfour contract guarantees the maintenance of official specifications and protects your fraternity name and insignia from falling into foreign hands. Guard your insignia by ordering ONLY from your official jeweler.

L. G. BALFOUR CO.
ATTLEBORO MASS.

THE WRITE OF WAY

By William A. Rutledge III

THE POST

LET'S pry into this self-described "American Institution," the *Saturday Evening Post*, probably the most popular and most widely known of all American magazines.

It was merely one of many magazines when the late Cyrus H. K. Curtis purchased it for the proverbial song. Through the application of shrewd business policies and slanted for the average business man, the *Post* rightfully ranks as the No. 1 general magazine of the country.

On the testimony of Richard Thruelsen, of the editorial staff, we can give you a free lancer's insight into the workings of the *Post's* editorial department.

"**EVERYTHING** the *Post* buys is free-lance material. We have no writers under contract. The *Post* is a free field and no favors asked. The editorial page, "Keeping Posted," the Next Week departments, and perhaps four or five articles a year are the only staff-written features in the *Post*. Assignments are rarely given and then only to a few established *Post* contributors. The *Post*, however, is always willing to give its opinion upon the possibilities of suggestions submitted to it."

The *Post* is wide-open, from the literary standpoint. This is an unusual situation among magazines, most of whom have staff writers producing a sizeable percentage of the content. Look at the masthead of *Collier's*, where 18 special editorial writers hold forth. How many little or slightly known authors crash the pages of *Cosmopolitan*? The *Post* is a completely open market but no less exacting in its needs than its contemporaries.

THE *Post* editorial staff does not sit around waiting for the mailman to bring the features and fiction to pack into its spacious pages. Its editors constantly cir-

culate in the writing fraternity, hunting both author and output. "The work of new writers is eagerly scrutinized and they are personally contacted whenever possible. For this purpose, four *Post* editors travel to New York each week and one *Post* editor is usually abroad throughout the country making such visits."

The *Post* keeps in close personal contact with those from whom they anticipate publishable copy. It is real teamwork between the writer and his prospective market.

Of course, the *Post* remuneration ranks in the upper bracket. Sale to the *Post* is "indication of some hundreds of dollars' worth of successful authorship," which will suffice for most workers-in-words.

THE stories behind the checks sent out from the *Post* offices are innumerable. There was the case of the immigrant who had failed in everything he had undertaken. A university professor took him under his wing to teach him the rudiments of English. The prof's wife fell in love with the foreigner. The professor had a well-paying position and quietly arranged a settlement with his wife. She took the money and bought a cotton farm in Arkansas and drove her new husband to farm it. Out in the open, and with the plow as his alternative, he took up writing, submitting an article based on his own experiences to the *Post*. It was accepted and he's been making a comfortable livelihood as an author ever since.

Mr. Thruelsen, who has written for and edited more than one popular magazine, says his advice to writers can be crystallized in the lone word, "WRITE!" As a secondary item of advice, he urges the study of magazines for which there is the aspiration to write.

So-o-o-o, if you have a good idea and would welcome a few hundred dollars, you might contact the *Post*.

IT is an axiom of horse racing that "There is a race in the book for every horse." To turf fans the "book" is the condition book drafted by the racing secretary for each race. The shrewd trainer, in theory, can find a race in the book which any horse in his charge can win.

To paraphrase this for the writing profession, it might be said that there is a publication for every author. Patience and diligence commonly are required to ferret out these "spots."

The study of publications is recommended most earnestly for writers. Each periodical has an appeal that must justify its existence. By analyzing and evaluating these qualities and characteristics, the clue to crashing a publication may be found.

The beginning writer must be something of a salesman as well as an author. He must be able to market his wares as well as produce them.

The writer who can't be dislodged from his typewriter entrenchment will score direct hits. And he will get range of several publications and learn which ones he just doesn't seem to be able to hit.

THE rules of general business efficiency are applicable to the writing profession. Unpretentious neatness in manuscript submission, observance of such rules as enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope, are points that facilitate the disposition of manuscripts.

At the first the mailman brings your manuscripts home to their original roost, having gained nothing more than a formal rejection slip. Later this discouraging indifference begins to wear off. Letters accompany rejections with critical encouragement and an invitation to stay in there and pitch.

Following the editorial instructions are as important as orders in the army. The editor may give you a few tips on how that particular manuscript can be handled to become marketable. Alertness and obedience in taking these suggestions may accelerate a writing career.

The real writer needs little advice. He is going to work for and seize upon his "breaks." Opportunities will sooner or later present themselves. The better prepared the writer, the greater the possibility of capitalizing on them.

Keep at the typewriter with persistence and aggressiveness. Results have a mystifying method of taking care of themselves.

EUGENE PHILLIPS (Georgia '39) recently was appointed director of the department of public relations of the Long Bell Lumber Company, Longview, Wash.

How Can Weekly Newspapers Get More Advertising?

Every available survey, statement or practical demonstration pointing the way toward increased lineage—foreign, local or classified—is analyzed in THE AMERICAN PRESS magazine, the only magazine devoted primarily to the advertising problems of small town newspapers. **Subscription only \$1.00 a year.**

THE AMERICAN PRESS 225 W. 39th St., New York

AT DEADLINE

[Concluded from page 2]

"So what to do. What to do? Aha, you smile, get down early Monday and write the piece all over again. What? Six pages of effort! No writer sacrifices that much, if anything possibly can be done, and Phil, with his reporter's resourcefulness, had an idea:

"**A**T the Booths, when the Adlers arrived, were the other guests, Mr. and Mrs. Orville DeView. Also the Booth children, Sally and Roger.

"And Phil proceeded to outline to them the Horrible Situation. With the result that, at 8:30, those 1,200 pieces of copy paper were dumped on the living room rug, and all hands went to work.

"Now—Booth is an aviator, with plenty of experience patching aerial photographs together. Mrs. Booth is a professor at Wayne, with much experience in organizing. DeView is a public accountant, but he used to be a sailor, so he brought statistics and navigation to the party; Mrs. DeView, a social worker, brought philosophy. Mrs. Adler is a trained psychologist. And—the Booth children supplied naive intuition.

"So they started, with Phil as a sort of consulting expert. For example: Up came Roger with a piece of paper, "Pop," it says, where would that go?" he asked. And Phil urged on the members of this paper hunt to find 'ulation.' That's the way it went. All hands to the wheel and so forth. The combined efforts reconstructed Phil's story, complete, and pasted solidly together, at 12:30 a. m.

"It remained for Booth to add the last word. As Phil, with his story clutched tenderly to his bosom, departed, Booth beamed and said:

"Say, Phil, that was a lot of fun—tear up another story sometime!"

•
ONCE again we come to the fancy HEAD-WORK department. We're going to keep on with this just as long as you QUILL head-hunters get a kick out of it and cooperate by sending heads in from your respective areas.

There aren't so many this month, but those sent are, we feel, pretty good. Here goes:

These two were written by Earl Wingard for the Aberdeen (S. D.) *Morning American* and sent in by Jack Hagerty. The first, appearing over a war roundup:

**Blitzkrieg on Sea;
Blitzpeace on Land**

And, over a story of North Dakota's observance of Thanksgiving on Nov. 23, was:

**Early Birds,
Pun Intended,
Di(n)e Today**

THOSE bashful lads on the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* didn't send in any samples of their head-work this month, but Don N. Crew, of the Kent (Wash.) *News-Journal*

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saw to it they were not ignored. He sent this one, appearing over a story on "The annual 'census taking' of young Hippoglossus stenolepis (spelled halibut) . . .

**Family Life a
Secret—That's
The Halibut!**

**Scientists Will See If Their
Piscatorial Birth Control
Successful in North Pacific**

From the *Daily Argus-Leader*, of Sioux Falls, S. D., Bob DeLay, associate editor of the *Jack Rabbit* at South Dakota State, clipped and sent:

**War U. S. Style: 104,000 Cheer As
Navy Shells Army, 10 to 0**

We'll break in here with what we thought a mighty clever one from the *Detroit News*, having to do with a fox caught in a suburban chicken coop:

**Sly Reynard Slips:
Caught Red Pawed**

Richard L. Bean, sent the following unrelated heads from the Bakersfield (Calif.) *Californian*:

**Holm, Sweet Holm,
Says Rose, a Groom**

**Balmy (Not Bomby)
Skies Over America**

Gunnar Horn spotted the following telling head in the Omaha *World-Herald* where it appeared over a story having to do with traffic violators:

**Many Are Called, But Few
Chosen for Jail Sentences**

That's the extent of the head-work department this month.

Kiper's Kolumn

[Concluded from page 16]

PENN STATE chapter while on the campus. Tentative arrangements have been made for him to meet with the TEMPLE chapter and Philadelphia professional members Jan. 22.

MARQUETTE and the MILWAUKEE professional chapter held a joint meeting Dec. 14 at the Schlitz Brown Bottle room. . . . The Cornell football team's mascot, Touchdown IV, which has received so much publicity recently, was sponsored by the CORNELL SDX chapter. . . . Six members of the Cornell chapter have moved from their social fraternity houses and have taken over a house to be known as the Press Club. With Prof. Bristow Adams, chapter adviser, as counselor, the residents of the house will all be SDX members and other students on Cornell publications.

The DETROIT professional chapter had the unusual experience of entertaining and hearing one of the founders of SDX Dec. 5 at a luncheon meeting held at the Cafe Old Madrid. The founder was Edward Lockwood, who has spent the last 15

years, with the exception of furloughs, in China as a representative of the Y.M.C.A. He is returning to the interior of China within the next few weeks.

On Nov. 21, the DETROIT chapter had its first fall meeting, the evening being devoted to sports stories spun by Ed Hayes, of the *Detroit Times*, Edward L. Warner, Jr., of the *Detroit Free Press*, as chief spinners, and others of the gathering.

Journalist's Wife

[Concluded from page 12]

We got some hot noodles and beer from a little street wagon and went on home. Again I looked in the baby's room, while my husband made some 1 a. m. phone calls.

After a much needed shower, I got into bed and did it feel good! I was lulled to sleep by the steady clicking of the typewriter. I have become so accustomed to my correspondent husband pounding the typewriter all night, that I do believe you could put one under my pillow and I would never know it.

I did hope he could get to bed soon, as the next day was to be a heavy one, but I would not think of mentioning it to him, because he loves his work more than his sleep.

So far as I know, the rest of the night was uneventful.

Please Note!

An employer's letter to us, written Jan. 8, 1940:

"May I extend my sincere appreciation for the co-operation given by your organization in the selection of a new man for our Chicago office.

"You don't know how I appreciate the fact that your wise selection saved me many hours spent in interviews that generally are wasted because of poor forethought on the part of an agency or bureau.

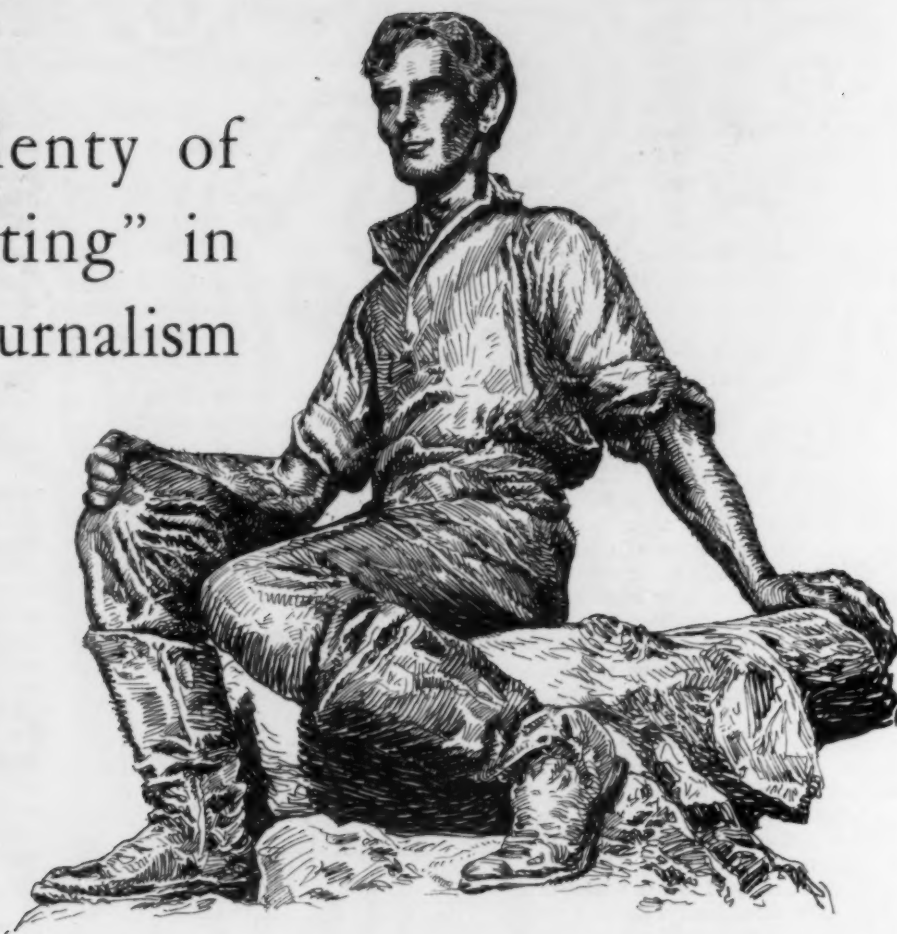
"Very truly yours,

"TED LEWIS

"National Petroleum
News"

**Save time. Write or wire—
THE PERSONNEL BUREAU
of Sigma Delta Chi
JAMES C. KIPER, Director
35 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill.**

There's Plenty of "Rail-Splitting" in Modern Journalism



Bryant Baker's splendid figure of the Young Lincoln seems almost to speak out of History to the younger generation intent on entering some department of the newspaper business or of its great ally, Advertising. Lincoln, as a youth, trudged miles for a tattered book . . . was tireless in his search for facts, precedents, advice, dependable fruits of experience. It was characteristic of him that he kept abreast of his times—anticipated change.

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